Mine

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by Tina908

Summary

In an au were Hannibal came to America with his farther and sister, (who is dead,) when he was eight, he meets Will, (who is just a baby,) at his birthday dinner, (he's turning twelve,) and instinctively knows that the little baby is his. (In a platonically way, at least 'till Will gets older.)

Notes

As always, a little friendly warning that English is not my first language and therefor there will be mistakes.

See the end of the work for more notes

Hannibal Lecter VIII was the only son of Count Hannibal Lecter VII, who preferred to go under the name Henry after they came to America.

They were originally from Lithuania, they had moved when his mother had passed away after giving birth to Hannibal's little sister, Mischa. Henry had been devastated by the death of his wife and he couldn't bear being around all the memories so he packed up the little family and traveled to America.

That had been four years ago and Hannibal was now 12 years old today. His father had invited a lot of his important business friends for tonight's dinner party. Henry was especially nervous about tonight, because the Grahams were bringing their newly adopted baby with them. Elenore could not bear to be away from her new son for any more than a couple of minutes at a time. Which was understandable, given the fact of the many miscarriages the couple had experienced, but a dinner party was no place for such a young child.

The doorbell rang and the first thing Hannibal heard when the butler opened the door was the sound of a baby crying. Curious, Hannibal made his way to the front entrance.

Mrs. Graham was standing in the middle of the hall and rocked the crying bundle in her arms, desperately trying to get the baby to stop crying while her husband was glaring irritated at them while he took off his coat and gave it to James, the butler.

"Elenore for Christ sake, make that boy stop." Mr. Graham hissed at his wife.

"I'm trying George, I'm trying, but I don't know what's wrong. I've tried everything!" Mrs. Graham answered back angrily.

Hannibal sighed to himself and made his way over to the couple. "Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. Graham. How lovely that you both could join us tonight." Hannibal said and put on his best fake smile. (It was getting better everyday.)

"Oh, young Hannibal. Happy birthday and thank you for having us." Mr. Graham replied politely. As if he gave a damn about the boy or his birthday. He was only interested in the money the boy's father put into the company.

"Mrs. Graham if I may?" Hannibal asked and gestured to the baby.

"B-but," Mrs. Graham began but was interrupted by her husband. "Elenore, give him the damn baby." He growled.

Mrs. Graham finally placed her son in Hannibal's arms and looked nervously at them. As if Hannibal at any moment could drop her baby.

Looking down at the still crying bundle in his arms, Hannibal was instantly stunned. The most beautiful eyes were already staring up at him. The young boy and baby locked eyes and immediately the crying stopped and instead a big smile spread in young Will's face.

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The thought echoed over and over in Hannibal's head while he was standing in the middle of the hall, smiling down at the little boy with the biggest and most sincere smile that he hadn't used since his sister was alive.

End Notes

Thank you for the read! I hope you enjoyed it <3

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